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confres, in volumes upon volumes whose abstract wisdom would astonish the Japanese artist as much as his art amazes us? Here are Johnny's stencils to speak for themselves, with a good batch more in reserve, if you care to call for them. And over on the east side, where there are still a few little brick houses and green trees, and American men and women who do not ape English fashions or worship a lord, Johnny is becoming an artist on the Japanese plan, while his sire plows the billows and his grandsire dozes in the sun. May the



China ship never be overdue again, and may the great grandfather of three bask in the fluttering shadow of the vine till, like one of its ripe grapes, he falls into the mould as into a soft bed. Who knows but Johnny, having learned the lessons of his stencils well, may some day—

But pshaw! I am off on a voyage again, and the printer is waiting.

A. T.



"A DREAM OF MUSIC."

(From the original picture by Francis Miller.)

AMONG the young painters whom the past lustrum has brought prominently to the front in America, men of strong performance and still brighter promise, is Francis Miller. A native of Columbus, Ohio, some thirty years of age, Mr. Miller owes the most important lessons of his art to the great school of Carolus Duran, in Paris. He also spent some time and did excellent work in Holland. Since his return to this country some years ago, however, he has devoted himself almost exclusively to studies of national episodes and types, varied with some charming studio pictures of minor importance but ample merit. His "Caboose of the Local Freight," in the Clarke collection, is one of the gems of that remarkable assemblage of pictures; his "Charity Home," exhibited in the Spring Academy of 1884, though handicapped by an unpleasant subject, received a large portion of the interest excited by individual works at that show, and the "Country Railway Station," now at the Louisville Exhibition, is another performance which brings him credit.

Although in such compositions as "A Dream of Music" Mr. Miller's art is graceful and full of charm, there is a robust and dramatic side to his talent by which he will, eventually, become best known. It will be as a painter of action and passion that he will achieve his highest repute. He is a firm and skillful draughtsman, with a keen eye for character and a ready and sympathetic invention, and is a good colorist and an admirable technician.

Credit for the thoroughly excellent reproduction of Mr. Miller's picture herewith presented is due to Nichols & Handy, the photographers and publishers, of this city.

It is often said that art is Catholic, and that it don't matter what country a picture comes from, if the picture is good. This is our opinion exactly; but when it comes to a choice between mediocre foreign pictures and first-class native ones, we become Calvinistic in the rigidity of our devotion to home art. We want all the very best examples of the very best painters we can get, be they the productions of Frenchmen or Fiji Islanders. But we do not want the trade work turned out by machine to glut the market, which constitutes the bulk of the foreign art which comes to our shores.

THE MANLY ART IN MARBLE.*

To the Editor, *The Art Union*.

DEAR SIR—The age of chivalry and poetry may be as dead as the hearts that beat when beautiful Hypatia lived and lectured to the students of Alexandria, and Phidias carved dreams of beauty for undreamed of generations to wonder at and worship. The age of the troubadour and of romance, when the olive-skinned lover picked Æolian strains upon his silver-mounted mandolin,—

"Not at her sweet eyes' level,
Nor above, where the jasmines grow
Round the golden towers of Seville,
But there, at her feet, below,"

may be as dead as the dreams of Drake, the sea king, of blustering John Hawkins, bold Amayas Leigh and courtly Walter Raleigh, the gallant men of Devon who sailed Westward, Ho! from merrie England three centuries ago. The age of brass may have disappeared down the bye-ways and alleyways of time, but the age of Sculpture is about to be revived by—our millionaires? our railroad kings? our Vanderbilts, Fields, Goulds, Stewarts, Pullmans, Austin Corbins? No! but by the despised prize-fighter—the contemned exponent of the manly art, the persecuted putter-up of props, the redoubtable and invincible J. Lawrence Sullivan, the hero of 159 bloody frays, the vanquisher of "Tug" Wilson and Paddy Ryan, the King of the Prize Ring himself. He, not the gentlemen one would naturally look to for the great work, has given a new impetus to our plastic art and her dear children by shying his castor into the Sculptorian arena, and commissioning a master of the mallet and the callipers to do him up; not as he, many a time and oft, has done his man (inside of twelve minutes), but in six feet of everlasting Westchester stone, as spotless as his fistic fame.

Did Mr. Sullivan, following the examples of certain other famous American patrons of Art, fly to an alien land for his marble or his artist? Perish a thought so unworthy of an American champion! In the land of the free and the home of the cautious; within the gates of the modern Athens; within sight of the lordly shaft on Bunker Hill; within the walls of the Studio Building, opposite the quaint old Park Street churchyard, where that wonderful, dark, long-haired genius, Martin Millmore, worked and dreamed, when I was an aspiring young man—there, musing over what a man he would have been among the boys in ancient Athens, eighteen centuries ago, had the gods seen fit to cast him there; or, mayhap, reading the glowing passages of Ovid, or listening, with his mind's ear, to the thunder of the Odyssey—or perchance, sadly musing on the golden opportunities Ulysses improved to crack heads, in the Trojan wars—there he will sit to an American sculptor, or stand, rather, to be carved by native genius in native materials, regardless of cost.

And not only will this patron of the Arts Sculptorial and Fistic enrich the artist and revive the dying interest in what threatened to become one of the lost arts of the Western Continent, but, after the heroic piece of work is accomplished, he—will stop there—rest upon his laurels? No! he will then begin to educate the public to a proper appreciation of the glories of our Art, and J. Lawrence Sullivan, by erecting, on a Quincy granite pedestal, in front of his caravansary on Washington Street—HIMSELF!—life-size, with the hands well up, the beautiful bunches of fives doubled, and the old serene look of self-confidence upon his thin, studious, classic face.

And in the gathering twilights of the days that are to be,
The marble John L. Sullivan the Athens boys will see
When coming from the contests, where the gladiators' yells
Ring out, to make a holiday for Athens' brilliant belles.
And then they'll tell the story of his prowess, sans a club,
And what he did for sculpture in the old days of the Hub.

JOHN E. MCCANN.

* According to newspaper report, John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, has ordered a life size figure of himself in marble from a custom sculptor.—Ed. A. U.

THE Chicago papers expatiate with pride on the departure of a rich citizen for Europe with the expressed purpose of there investing \$200,000 in pictures. Yet the Chicago papers recently had the frigid assurance to denounce New York for want of patriotism.